

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 44.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880.

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CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.—The fourth of the Series will take place THIS DAY (SATURDAY), October 30th, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include—Concert Overture, *Mors Janua Vitæ* (Wingham)—first time; Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in A minor (Bonawitz)—first time; Two Orchestral Pieces from *La Vierge*, a Sacred Legend (Massenet); Symphony in C minor, No. 5 (Beethoven). Vocalist—Mdlle Louisa Pyk. Pianoforte—Herr Bonawitz (his first appearance). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats—2s. 6d. and 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS grants CERTIFICATES in Three Grades (Honours, First and Second Class), for the Practice of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. The next Examination will take place at the Society's House, Adelphi, London, during the week commencing January 10th, 1881. Particulars will be forwarded on application to the SECRETARY at the above address.
By order,

H. TRUEMAN WOOD,
Secretary.

NEXT SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6th.

MDMES LIEBHART and EMES'S FOURTH SATURDAY MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, at LADBROKE HALL, Notting Hill, W., will take place on SATURDAY Evening next, November 6th, at Eight o'clock. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MR WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Ninth Season), at JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY next, November 1st, at Half-past Three. Vocalist—Miss Anna Williams, Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., Chappell & Co., usual Agents, and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will make her Appearance twice during the ensuing week at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden, and at the Dilettante Circle, Regent Street, on MONDAY Evening, Nov. 1, when she will play several Miscellaneous Pieces.
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MRS JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she is in Town for the Season. Applications for Pianoforte Recitals and Lessons to be addressed—15, ALBERT STREET, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

MR HANDEL GEAR (Professor of Singing) begs to acquaint his friends and pupils that he has RETURNED to Town.—66, SKYMOUR STREET, Portman Square, W.

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ANNUAL AND ALMANACK FOR 1881.**
(29TH YEAR OF ISSUE.)

PROFESSORS and TRADERS who have not yet returned their Forms will oblige by doing so at once. ADVERTISEMENTS should also be sent in without delay: they are extremely valuable for purposes of reference; and, as only Musical Advertisements are admitted, they have become an important feature in the Work to the Country Profession and Trade.

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MR SULLIVAN'S MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Mr Arthur Sullivan, looking about for the subject of a composition to be produced at this Festival, came upon the late Dean Milman's dramatic poem, *The Martyr of Antioch*, and selected it. He must have seen something there able to make amends for the staleness of the story. Perhaps because Biblical incidents have been used up, English composers some time ago began to choose their themes from the records of the early Church, naturally selecting those which set forth the constancy of the Martyrs. Thus we have an oratorio, *St Polycarp*, by the Oxford professor of music, Sir Gore Ouseley; a cantata, *St Cecilia*, by Sir Julius Benedict; a second work of the same description, *Placida*, by Mr William Carter; and yet another, *St Dorothea*, by Mme Sainton-Dolby. Varied in treatment and character as are these works, there are yet points of resemblance due to the fact that they all deal with the same general theme—the persecution, constancy, and death of those who counted all things, even love and life, but dross for the sake of the Master to whom they had given their allegiance. Mr Sullivan knew perfectly well, therefore, that his choice of Dean Milman's story involved a sacrifice of freshness, but his resolve may have been strengthened by a determination to treat it from an original point of view, and thus, while avoiding comparisons, secure the element of novelty wanting in the subject. It is the fashion now for composers to follow, more or less, *longo intervallo*, in the wake of Wagner, and construct their own libretti. Sometimes they are successful, more often they fail; but Mr Sullivan is hardly a distinct addition to either category. I shall not trouble the reader with details of the measure and manner in which the book of *The Martyr of Antioch* departs from the original poem. That is a point of small consequence, and may be passed over for the important fact that an examination of the libretto shows Mr Sullivan to have been guided more by his instincts as a musician than by his taste as a dramatist. We learn from the preface that besides writing some rhyme verse for the piece, Mr W. S. Gilbert gave his friend and collaborator the benefit of certain suggestions. It would seem, however, that Mr Gilbert, out of profound sympathy with Mr Sullivan, refrained from hints which in their result might have restricted the composer's opportunity for appealing to popular tastes. The exact significance of this remark will appear as I take the "sacred musical drama"—Mr Sullivan rejects the term "cantata"—and examine its scene by scene.

The action opens at Antioch towards the close of the third century, when Syria was governed for Rome by the Prefect Olybius. We are first shown the Temple of Apollo during the celebration of rites in honour of the Sun God. Youths and maidens chant his praises with graceful reference to his various attributes, as Lord of Day, as Master of the Lyre whose music makes even love-sick damsels heedless of their lovers' approach, and so on. When the Hymn ceases, the Prefect (tenor) notices the absence of the Priestess Margarita (soprano) from her place at the altar. Margarita is betrothed to Olybius, who calls for her in impassioned strains. To his appeal there is no answer, but the High Priest Callias (bass) seizes the opportunity to reproach the Prefect with indulgence shown to the Christian sect. Olybius confesses the guilt of undue leniency, but swears that henceforth no mercy shall be granted, whereupon the crowd salute him as the "Christian scourge," and the scene closes. This part of the drama will bear examination, although it may be charged with want of symmetry, owing to the great length of the opening Hymn—which fills no less than seventy out of ninety pages. But the "argument" of the scene is compact, and comes to an end significant as well as definite, since we are bound to remember the absence of Margarita, and to see a dark shadow projected upon her path as Olybius, the maiden's lover, and Callias, her father, make the compact of extermination. Nor should the fact be overlooked that expectation is called forth by keeping back the Priestess till a moment when, owing to the omens of her fate, all interest centres in her person. The music of the scene is faithfully representative of the general character Mr Sullivan has given to his work. I have already pointed out that seven-ninths of the pages devoted to it are taken up by the Pagan chorus, whence it follows that the real action is treated in a somewhat sketchy manner. As here, so throughout the drama; and, as throughout the drama so here, few music-lovers will feel inclined

to visit the composer with censure. Our judgment may warn us of too much lyricism, and that the dramatic element is being hurriedly passed by, but our feelings are likely to over-ride our judgment, since Mr Sullivan is most charming when represented by the incense, flowers, and songs of Apollo's maidens. With these are all his sympathies, and he invests them with so much musical beauty of form and colour that they command our sympathies likewise, and make the poor Christians and their lugubrious strains appear as uninteresting as they are sombre. The scene is preluded by an arrangement for orchestra of the theme sung by Margarita at the stake, which need not be referred to here more than is necessary to eulogise the scoring. Thus early the composer indicates the quarter whither we must look for one of the chief attractions of his work. In setting the long hymn to Apollo, efficient precautions are taken against monotony. The hymn is divided into six sections, presenting a good deal of variety in style and character, some being given to female and others to male voices only, while, again, others employ the full chorus. There is also a contralto solo, "The love-sick damsel laid," which may fairly be included among Mr Sullivan's most beautiful conceptions. A languid and, in some respects, original melody is supported upon the close harmonies of low strings, while two clarinets reiterate in thirds and sixths a "figure" composed of three notes only. The harmonic progressions, as the song, are as far removed from commonplace as its general character, and wherever *The Martyr of Antioch* goes, connoisseurs will discover "The love-sick maiden" one of its principal beauties. Mr Sullivan has undoubtedly been influenced by Mendelssohn in the Pagan chorus, not, perhaps, as to form, and certainly not as regards details, but the sentiment and general character of the music have a family relationship with the sentiment and character of the German master's illustrations to Sophocles. The local colour, as determined by Mendelssohn, is well sustained; and the orchestration, especially for violins, is unusually brilliant and picturesque, while the various parts of the extended hymn are cunningly welded into a whole by an occasional use of a phrase with which the first opens. Passing from this to the dialogue of Olybius and Callias, not much is found calling for note, and musical interest centres chiefly in the Prefect's invocation of his bride-elect, "Come, Margarita, come." The song—which, like "The love-sick maiden," was vociferously encored at Friday's performance—is a perfect gem in its pretty, yet, withal, artistic way. Melody and expression are alike charming, but the connoisseur will admire its structure as much as either. Each verse ends in a different key—F, E flat, D flat—the return to the original key (B flat) being in every case made by an exquisite transition through D minor, on the words, "Come, Margarita, come." No such contribution to English lyric music has been made for years past.

The second scene opens in a Christian burial-place what time a funeral service is performed by the Bishop of Antioch, Fabius (bass). After the assembled people have sung a hymn, the Bishop begins an address, but is interrupted by an alarm of advancing foes, and dismisses his flock to their homes. One, however, remains behind, and that one is Margarita. Taking the lyre she had used before the altar of Apollo, the Priestess sings a hymn in praise of Christ, at the close of which her father, Callias, enters, bidding her attend the waiting rite. At this Margarita declares her change of faith, and the action of the scene ends. Some objections are obvious. In the first place, too much time is taken up by the Funeral Anthem—an extraneous business altogether; and, next, the interview between Callias and his daughter has no adequate conclusion, while in character it is tame and unnatural. A father and child, conscious that the life of one was at stake, would, in the first moments of grief and terror, hardly enter upon a discussion about their respective gods. We demand to know, moreover, what comes of Margarita's declaration, but receive no answer, the scene suddenly closing in. As regards the music, I must say of the Christian Anthem as of the Pagan that, whatever its dramatic impropriety, no one will complain. It is a very beautiful, tender, and impressive setting of the well-known hymn, "Brother, thou art gone before us," and will be heard on many an occasion as mournful in real life as that which calls it forth in the drama. Margarita's song to the Saviour, with its introductory recitative, presents another capital number. The recitative is full of expression, and the song of a chastened joy, mingled with deep reference

and pity for the sufferings entailed by human guilt. I cannot so highly approve the music to the dialogue of Margarita and Callias, and it only serves to show how far Mr Sullivan has overlooked the seriousness of the situation when we find as principal theme a melody light enough for the *entrée* of some heroine of comedy. Mr Sullivan has made a mistake here, and, as an expositor of human feeling, is a disappointment. But the music itself gives no cause for offence. Those who are as superficial as itself have a right, indeed, to be pleased with it.

At the opening of the third scene we are introduced to the house of the Prefect, near which our composer's favourites, the maidens, are inviting one another to quit the luscious streets and breathe the balmy evening air in the groves of Daphne. When their song ends, Olybius addresses Margarita—who has somehow or other made her way to the Palace—and paints a dazzling picture of her future pomp. In return, the ex-priestess reminds Olybius of his thirst for glory, and offers him that which shall be "eternal in the Heavens." The Prefect answers in a mood playful and tender, but when he hears her entreat him to become a Christian, curses rush to his lips—curses which would be invoked upon the head of Christ himself but that Margarita arrests the words. At this the maiden bids her betrothed farewell, and, when asked whither she is going, replies, "To my prison, sir," by which we are left to infer that she voluntarily immures herself. When I state that the whole of the scene between the lovers occupies but five pages of the pianoforte score, it will be obvious that Mr Sullivan has again treated his drama with scant respect. The Maidens' chorus, on the other hand, fills twenty-one pages. Again, however, the consolation comes to us that we would not shorten it by a bar, preferring, for the sake of so much beauty, that the story should be treated as a peg to hang it on. The chorus, "Come away with willing feet," is one of the most charming the work contains. Written in two parts for female voices and in two sections (B flat and G minor), it adds to lovely and characteristic melody the interest of an accompaniment made fascinating by a delicate use of the wind instruments against a *moto continuo* for muted violins, throughout which a *gruppetto* of six notes is almost incessantly repeated. More thoroughly enjoyable and at the same time characteristic music could not have been written. The song of the Prefect to Margarita, "See what Olybius' love prepares for thee," is inferior in charm to his first air, though not without decided merit. The music to the Lovers' Dialogue descends by comparison to insignificance.

We now enter upon the fourth and last scene. Mr Sullivan's maidens hasten to the Temple of Apollo, past the prison of the Christians, singing as they go. The Christians hear them, and chant the praises of the true God. Meanwhile, Prefect, priests, and people have gathered for the test of Margarita and Julia (contralto). A representative of the heathen creed demands the presence of the accused. As she is brought forth, a hymn to Apollo is sung, and when the Martyr stands face to face with her persecutors, Julia, Olybius, and Callias set before her the choice—Olybius' throne or a blasphemer's fate. She unhesitatingly accepts death, whereupon the multitude call fiercely for instant execution. In reply, the Martyr, like her prototype at Jerusalem, vindicates her faith and appeals to the final judgment. Once more the people shout, "Blasphemy!" but Margarita, undaunted, sings the glory and might of Him who protects her, and is so beautiful in her fervour that the Prefect exclaims, when her loosed locks flow in the frantic grace of inspiration from the burst fillet down her snowy neck, "Never yet looked she so lovely." A last appeal is now made by Julia, Olybius, and Callias, and a last formal tender offered of sacrifice to Apollo or death. As the Martyr remains constant, fire is applied to the pyre on which she stands, and Margarita then bursts into a rapturous song. She sees visions of Heaven, the starry pavement of the city "not made with hands," the angels, Cherubim and Seraphim, appear to her ecstatic gaze, till at last she beholds the Son of Man himself, and exclaiming, "Lord, I come," expires, as a brief chorus of glory to the Almighty is sung by the on-looking Christians. The dramatic construction of this scene is not open to objection in any serious degree. It tells the story with conciseness and point, and, if it represents the father and lover of the Martyr as singularly calm in their concern for the victim, it puts the Martyr herself in a strong and sufficient light. The music once more illustrates Mr Sullivan's

preference for the heathen, the opening chorus of maidens being as charming as most of its predecessors. But the palm of merit unquestionably belongs to the hymn "Io Pæan," sung as Margarita is brought forth. It is chiefly remarkable first for a broadly phrased solo with characteristic chorus, and next for an accompaniment consisting of a one-bar phrase continually repeated, after the model set by Mr Sullivan's revel chorus in the "Prodigal Son." The number is one of striking cleverness, and right well deserved the encore it obtained at the performance on Friday. Margarita's address to her judges contains some fine music, principally orchestral, but the choruses of the incensed people, if not too brief, are decidedly too conventional for the interest they might otherwise have excited. A quartet for Margarita, Julia, Olybius, and Callias, "Have mercy, unrelenting Heaven," though pleasing, lacks the intense feeling natural to the situation. On the other hand, the Martyr's final song is one of great beauty and power. Not only may the melody be described as rapturous, but the movement, colour, and rhythm of the orchestra seem to suggest the full, throbbing, ecstatic life about to be merged into the life eternal, and gather force as the song proceeds and the end draws near. The change to short and agitated phrases at the vision of the Saviour is well managed, and the gradual piling of force and strenuous expression till the triumphant chorus bursts in belongs emphatically to the good things of art.

Taking *The Martyr of Antioch* as a whole, I do not question its chance of the popularity for which Mr Sullivan has striven. It is a work that no one, be he musician or not, can hear without interest and admiration. At the same time criticism will always point to the fact that the drama is treated substantially as a pretext for charming choruses and airs. But while the finger of criticism is thus engaged the voice of criticism will, for the sake of those choruses and airs, say as little as possible.

TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

<p>My dear respected D. P., You're as savage as you can be, About Joachim Raff, But, for all your chaff, I like his symphony.</p> <p>That is to say, on the whole, I do, upon my soul, It's as good as his first, And by no means his worst, And, in judgment, I'm not a blind mole.</p> <p>But, bless your innocent heart, You've spoiled yourself by Mozart, His "infantile" strains Have softened your brains, Your judgment is not worth a tart.</p> <p>You must hear the symphony twice, And then you will find much that's nice; You must purchase the score, Read it o'er and o'er, With a mind that is freed from all splice.</p> <p>How can you compare it to Parry? One might think you were æsthetic Barry, With a terrible twist In favour of Liszt— One might—by the Pope and Old Harry!</p> <p>But, a truce to this subject just now, I don't want to get up a row;</p>	<p>I've had my chaff, You'll have your laugh, And now I will make my best bow.</p> <p>But, no—just a little postscript, From my mind it had very near slipped, That you asked me to go— Convenient or no— To see you for Leeds safely shipped.</p> <p>No doubt, to you 'twas a loss That I did not go to King's Cross, At half-past three, "Fiddle de dee"— And that's plain speaking, Old 'Oss.</p> <p>At that very identical time, As St Pancras his bells 'gan to chime,* I was seated at dinner, You awful old sinner, Eating a meal that was prime.</p> <p>Well! good luck to you down at Leeds, The place will not see my misdeeds, I shall stay here in town, And grumble and frown, From effects that Dyspepsia breeds,</p> <p>This foolery now to give o'er, I shall only just add <i>au revoir</i>, We're both free from malice, We'll meet at the Palace,† At the usual concert-room door.</p>
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Blornil Bneb.

* "Charles his Wain"—H. Fothergill.—Dr Blidge.

† Query.—Palace or Malace.—Dr Blidge.

COLOGNE.—The Gürzenich Concerts were inaugurated for the season, on the 26th inst., with Mendelssohn's *St Paul*.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

(From the "Leeds Mercury.")

Mr John Francis Barnett has a curious partiality for narrative poems. He began his work as a composer of cantatas with Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, followed on with Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*, and now offers to the world a setting of Longfellow's *Building of the Ship*. There must be some reason for this bias in favour of a particular form, and it may perhaps be discovered in the great success which rewarded Mr Barnett's original effort: or it may not be altogether unconnected with a desire to enlist the prestige of a great poetic name. But, whatever the attraction seen by Mr Barnett in narrative poems, the fact remains that they are scarcely the best for musical treatment. In the first place, they generally contain a good deal of matter with which, strictly speaking, music has nothing whatever to do; and, next, though they may include dramatic situations and characters, the employment of narrative in order to carry on the story weakens the individuality of the personages and the force of the action, by presenting both at, so to speak, second hand. This defect is strikingly exemplified in Longfellow's *Building of the Ship*. However good as a quasi-allegorical poem, permeated with a mild form of sentimental philosophy, it is weak as a poem for music, because, while dealing with individuals, it presents them in no better than vague and shadowy outline. They do not appear to us as living beings, into whose hopes and fears we can enter, and with whose motives we can sympathize or the reverse; but rather do they strike us as figments of the poet's imagination—mere lay figures conjured up for the purpose of being accredited with the poet's thoughts. This is fatal to dramatic interest, and deprives the composer not only of a source of inspiration but of the attraction which always centres in an acted story of human life.

Let us follow the course of the poem as set by Mr Barnett. In the first instance, a merchant, arranging with a shipwright for the building of a vessel, speaks as a personification of the future craft, and demands to be straight, and staunch, and strong. The builder, or Master, as he is called, after Schiller (*Lay of the Bell*) is pleased with the commission, and exclaims that he will forthwith produce a ship as good "as ever weathered a wintry sea." A model having been prepared, we next behold the Master in his yard, explaining its merits to a young workman, and are asked to listen to some eulogistic observations upon the beauty of their appearance. We learn, moreover, that the "fiery youth" is an aspirant to the hand of the old man's daughter. The Master now gives directions to his subordinate concerning timber for the vessel, and so on; remarking further, somewhat incidentally, that her name is to be Union, because—

"The day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee."

which, doubtless, the youth regards as a most excellent reason. We are naturally anxious to sympathize with the lover's delight, but the poet makes his story halt awhile that he may point out to us how many "wheels of toil" a single word can set in motion. When next he sets in motion his own wheel, we see the young man turn to look, with becoming joy and pride, towards the Master's house, at the door of which stands the promised bride. She is a pretty picture—

"The sun shone on her golden hair
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of the morn, and the soft sea air."

But why the poet, in his eagerness for a trope, should liken her to a "beauteous barge," high and dry on the sand, is more than a non-poetic mind can tell. It should further be observed that this young lady, the only representative of her sex in the story, is seen but twice, and has not a word to say from beginning to end. We are next bidden to remark that when love animates the worker his hand grows skilful, and are then introduced to the shipyard what time it is noisy with axes and mallets.

The scene afterwards changes to the Master's house, where we behold the lovers seated side by side listening to the Master as he tells fearsome stories of

"The dim, dark sea, so like unto death,
That divides and yet unites mankind."

Probably the young people devoutly wish the old man would drop asleep, but it is a consolation for them to know that the building

of the vessel goes on apace, and that the time of their union as rapidly approaches. At last, the hull having been finished, the masts and spars are raised aloft, while over all floats the national flag, which inevitably suggests to the poet some reflections upon the comfort that piece of bunting affords to wanderers in foreign lands. Now the day of the launch has come, and also, according to promise, the day of the bridal. The poet, here, draws a parallel, as far as it will go, for as the sea longs after its bride, the ship, so does the lover anticipate the moment that will give into his arms the "beauteous barge" who calls his master "father." Presently the marriage rite of man and maid is performed upon the deck of the new vessel, the "worthy pastor" following it up with a homily based upon the similitude of a human soul amid the waves of life to a barque upon the waves of ocean. The sermon over, the Master raises his hand, the dog-shores are knocked away, and the vessel, "with one exulting, joyous bound," leaps into her element—a mode of ship-launching, let us add, which must have been seen by the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling. As a *finale*, comes an address to the ship, in which the parallelism mentioned above is yet further insisted on.

Having regard to the difficulty of treating this narrative, Mr Barnett may be congratulated upon the exercise of considerable judgment. He has done his best to give individuality to the characters of the Master and the Bridegroom by allotting their actual words to a bass and tenor voice respectively. As for the descriptive and narrative portions, they are divided amongst solo voices and chorus with as much regard for fitness as the need of diversity allowed. But under the best possible conditions the treatment in cantata form of such a poem as *The Building of the Ship* is perforce unsatisfactory. Many of the lines protest against being set to music at all, and when others are just as fit for recitative as for chorus, and *vice versa*, it is clear that the composer labours under difficulties which make absolute success unattainable.

The musical work is divided into fifteen numbers; the first being an orchestral Introduction in three sharp movements, the meaning of which Mr Barnett himself explains. Thus the opening *andante* of eighteen bars depicts "sunrise on the sea-shore;" the following *allegro* suggests "the aspirations of the youth to the hand of the Master's daughter;" and the final *allegro moderato* represents the bustle and noise of the ship-yard. Seeing how vague is the language of music, it is no reproach to Mr Barnett that, without his explanation, we should never have surmised these truths, while it goes to his decided credit that all three movements are tuneful, well-written, and pleasing. We may add that some portions of the Introduction re-appear in the body of the work, where they play a significant and representative part. A recitative, "Build me straight, O worthy Master," begins No. 2, the first phrase subsequently recurring as a *leitmotif* when the ship is mentioned. Then we have a chorus (*andante*), "The merchant's word Delighted the Master heard." Broken by a single recitative, this piece runs along a smooth course, claiming to be little more than a sequence of phrases in four-part harmony. To the model thus set, Mr Barnett adheres pretty closely throughout. As a composer, it is one of his rules, and one of his virtues, to avoid pretentiousness, choosing to be plain and unaffected wherever, in his judgment, plain and unaffected music meets the case. No. 3, "Beautiful they were, in sooth," is a chorus (*moderato*) principally in two parts, with an incidental solo. The most fully developed and important section of this number—a chorus for female voices (*allegretto*)—pleases by its fluency and grace, and bids fair for general acceptance. A recitative and air, entitled "The Shipwright's song," make up No. 4, and give musical expression to the speech of the Master when showing the model to his daughter's lover. The aria is broken into many parts, each having its own distinct character; the composer thus sacrificing accepted and symmetrical form to the exigencies of his text. Here, also, the melodic phrases are as a rule, pleasing, to say nothing about their being eminently vocal. In No. 5 (*allegro*), "The sun shone on her golden hair," the charming appearance of the Master's daughter supplies the theme of a quartet (*andante con moto*) for female voices, without accompaniment. Pieces of this kind are generally acceptable, and we have no reason to believe that the example before us will form an exceptional case. The part-writing, if by no means elaborate, is pure and flowing in a measure that can be appreciated by all.

The young shipwright now sings an aria (*andante con moto*) entitled "Love's command," but the song itself does not make up the whole of No. 6. First, the orchestra repeats the theme of the second movement in the Introduction, which, expressing, as it does, the youth's aspirations, is introduced with unquestionable propriety. The air, "Ah! how skilful grows the hand," supplies an example of Mr Barnett's best manner, and is one of the most agreeable pieces in the work. No. 7 chorally describes (*allegro con brio*) the energy and animation of the shipyard. Preceded by an extended and vigorous orchestral introduction, it carries on, at proportionate length and with corresponding vivacity, the story of the "building" of the ship, concluding with a grand vocal unison on the lines beginning—

"Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labour well begun."

There are hardly any special features in the chorus upon which it is expedient to dwell, but the general effect satisfies the demand of the situation. A picture of the scene in the Master's house is shown in No. 8, through the medium of a duet for soprano and tenor (*andante più moto*), "And when the hot, long day was o'er." Here we observe some interesting features, such as an independent theme of a pastoral character for the Corno Inglese. The duet, in point of fact, is written with a good deal of charm, and will be one of the most popular numbers in the work. No. 9 resumes the building of the ship, carrying on the story through several short solo passages till it reaches a full chorus (*allegro*), "Build me straight, O worthy Master," wherein Mr Barnett reproduces and amplifies the leading phrase of the opening recitative. This chorus, like its immediate predecessor, is of more than average length, and is also distinguished by unusual breadth of style and energy of character. In point of construction, however, it is simplicity itself. No. 10—a recitative and air for contralto—refers chiefly to the national flag, and the wanderer, who, in far-off lands, sees it with joy and pride. The song, though neatly written and pleasing, has no special character—a result less chargeable to the composer's score than to his poetic text. No. 11—a recitative and scena for soprano, "All is finished," describes the dawn of the happy day and the situation comprised in the approaching "double event." Here Mr Barnett makes considerable, as well as interesting, use of reminiscences, reproducing several of the themes which have become identified with particular ideas. Furthermore, he continues to work upon the plan of a number of short movements rather than one fully developed. In this we think he is justified by results, for the scena, though long, suffers no abatement of its initial interest, and retains its energy to the close. A more sedate solo and chorus (*andante religioso*), "The prayer is said," constitute No. 12, the theme set to the Pastor's homily, "Like unto ships far off at sea," being noticeable first for its flowing character, and next, because it subsequently plays a conspicuous part. A feature, moreover, is the conjunction of this theme with that of the chorus. Mr Barnett's treatment of the actual launch in No. 13 (*allegro con spirito*), "And see! she stirs," is decidedly good, making us regret, by its dramatic force, that the composer had not chosen a dramatic subject. The whole scene is capitally worked out, with a directness of purpose and result that justifies the simplicity of the means used. Next follows No. 14 an unaccompanied quartet (*moderato*), "How beautiful she is," which almost evades criticism, and then we reach the finale. Mr Barnett assures us that this closing movement illustrates "the scene of a multitude witnessing a vessel leaving the shore." "The instrumental symphony," he adds, "describes the vessel receding from the land, while the sailors' 'Heave ho!' as the ship gets under weigh is imitated by notes of the horn. Then the people cheer," &c., &c. We are bound to admit that this programme is distinctly carried out. The "Heave ho" finds in the orchestra an ingenious imitation, continuing more or less through the first choral movement, "Sail forth into the sea, O ship." The future success of the vessel is then vigorously asserted, and the whole ends with a prolonged chorus, having the theme of the Pastor's homily as its chief subject, and being worked to a grand climax in the style of which Mr Barnett has already given examples.

To sum up, the new cantata is scarcely a production fit to rank with the classical masterpieces of its kind. For this, it lacks originality and power. But that the work deserves and will enjoy favour we have not the smallest doubt. It does not soar over the

heads of average music lovers, its melodies are always agreeable, the orchestration is varied, bright, and picturesque; and the hand of a musician may be traced on every page.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Circumstances interfered a good deal with Mr Armit's opening week, besides, as already recorded, depriving him of his leading lady on the first night. *La Favorita* was, however, produced on Tuesday, Oct. 19th, with a new Leonora, in Mdme Trebelli, who assumed the part of the heroine rather late in her career, but obviously none too late for the favour of the public. It is superfluous to state that Mdme Trebelli found the music suited to her means, and that in the famous romance, "O mio Fernando," which might have been written for her, obtained unanimous applause. The popular contralto makes no attempt to invest her new part with dramatic attraction, remembering, perhaps, who it was among dramatic soprani that played Lenonora before her on the same stage. She is, however, justified in relying upon her vocal means since these are sufficient for all the success that, in reason, can be desired. Mdme Trebelli was well supported by Signor Cantoni, a light tenor, who bids fair to do good service; the representative of King Alphonso being Signor Quintilli-Leone. *La Sonnambula* served, on Wednesday night, to introduce Mdme de Bressolles as Amina. The young lady had not been well advised for the occasion of her debut. In the first place, she is yet unequal to the position assumed, and, next, she should not, under any circumstances, have challenged comparison with the best artists in a part they so frequently play. Mdme de Bressolles has a good deal to learn, which, when mastered, may justify another venture. Till then she had better "learn to labour and to wait." On Thursday *La Favorita* was repeated, that opera having been substituted for *Lucrezia Borgia* in consequence of the illness of Mr Armit's new dramatic soprano, who, it is said, was unable to reach this country. On Friday *Carmen*, with Mdme Trebelli as the wayward and heartless gipsy, attracted a very large audience. Mdme Trebelli's impersonation of Bizet's heroine is now far too well known for comment, and the same may be said of Signor Runcio's Don José. Enough that, as on many former occasions, both met with demonstrative approval. Mr G. Fox was a little overweighted as Escamillo, but Mdmes Bauermeister and Barnardelli were sprightly representatives of Paquita and Mercedes, and Mdme de Morini acted and sang with intelligence and feeling as Micaëla. The general performance was good, and placed *Carmen* well to the front for the rest of the season. On Saturday *Lucia di Lammermoor* put forward another aspirant in the person of Mdme Rosina Isidor, a young lady neither unknown nor unregarded in concert rooms, where her facile execution of bravura music especially has met with much approval. Mdme Isidor made, on the whole, a successful first appearance as an operatic "light soprano." Her voice is of considerable compass, and agreeable quality, somewhat weak in the medium and lower tones and a little "veiled" in the higher notes, but not to any serious extent. She has evidently been well trained and has worked hard. To this her execution of bravura passages testifies beyond question; while her generally correct phrasing and expressive delivery shows her to be possessed of artistic as well as merely vocal qualities. As an actress Mdme Isidor is conventional, and somewhat inclined to redundant action. We say this, however, purely with reference to *Lucia*, the most conventional, hackneyed, and inartistic of operas. A prima donna may be excused for anything she does in Donizetti's show piece, but it is to be hoped that, when engaged in a more serious work, Mdme Isidor will do nothing analogous in absurdity to her restoration of *Lucia's* reason for the purpose of acknowledging applause and bouquets, and then methodically making the unhappy heroine go mad again. Should any one imitate John Foster's famous essay, and discourse upon "the aversion of men of taste to Italian opera," conduct like this would afford a most suggestive text. Mdme Isidor will, let us hope, soon learn better, and prove that art, not the catching of undiscerning applause, is the end of her efforts. She has the talent; the question is, "What will she do with it?"—D.T.

The operas given during the week were *La Favorita*, with Mdme Trebelli as Leonora, (Monday); *Norma* for the debut of Mdme Lorenzi Gianoli as the Druid Priestess (Tuesday); *Faust* for the debut of Mdme Elisa Widmar as Marguerite, (Wednesday); *Lucia di Lammermoor* for the second appearance of Mdme Rosina Isidor, (Thursday); *Carmen* was to be given last night, (Friday); *La Favorita* is announced for this morning, and *Norma*, for the second appearance of Mdme Gianoli, this evening, (Saturday).

Het Volk van Gent (The People of Ghent), a new work by M. Gevaert, will be performed for the first time at the Patriotic Festival to be celebrated in the old town next May.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

(From "The Bath Journal," Oct. 16.)

The first concert of the season 1880-81, given on the afternoon of the 9th inst., excited the interest usually attending the renewal of those entertainments of rarest excellence, and congratulations were reciprocated by travellers on the "high level," and by occupiers of "gallery seats," at the prospect of again partaking in common of the noblest things in art so bountifully provided. The concerts, by their superlative merits, have long been recognized as the most important series given in this country. Certainly they have acquired more than local fame, yea, more than metropolitan renown, and indeed, are worthy of being considered, to a certain extent, national, for they are higher and more comprehensive in character than any other this country can place in comparison with the efforts of institutions on the continent. Writers upon music, those who know well their subject, and those who do not, all agree that England is rapidly progressing in the art. How much of this improvement has been brought about by the musical policy of the Crystal Palace those persons only can say who have regularly attended and watched the result of those performances upon the tastes and capacities of the public, and those alone can form a fair idea of the importance and value of the educational service rendered by the "directors," in the persons of Mr Manns and Mr Grove. The musical student brings to the "Saturday Concert" the lessons got by heart during the week, to find there rectification, conviction, and illustration. The excellence hinted at by the master is there placed before him in all its dazzling brightness; the rules, arbitrarily laid down and enforced in the class-room, are found in the orchestra to be as natural as the instincts of bird and beast; the goal, to which all teaching leads, is there opened up to his wondering eyes, that he may see where and how far he has to go, and there he catches as from a mountain top glimpses of the land of art wherein he would dwell. Surely it is not too much to say that musical education would during the last few years have been incomplete without a course of "Saturday Concerts" to supplement the schools. By some sensible persons it has been thought that what is good for the scholar is good also for the master, and certain professors have been the most constant attendants. It is, perhaps, natural to think that imparting instruction to others during almost every hour of the week diminishes the store of the giver. At any rate, the master occasionally wants replenishing. The jaded and exhausted teacher, tired of crotchets and quavers, needs the support, comfort, and ecstasy the great masters alone can supply, to strengthen and invigorate both mind and body, lets the word music become but a synonym for drudgery. It must not, however, be taken for granted that the "Saturday Concerts" were established solely for scholars and professors. Indeed, they were designed for, and have in the main been supported by the general public, or rather that portion attracted and influenced by classical music. Happily, technical knowledge is not absolutely required for the enjoyment of genuine music, and it is certain that the great mass of visitors to Sydenham have sought and obtained entertainment and distraction from the cares and ordinary pursuits of life without passing an examination. True music opens the doors of an unseen and unfamiliar world, and brings before the mind's vision forms that speak a language, that convey impressions, and that kindle emotions of a spiritual nature. It is not merely an echo of the material world, but a living voice from realms hidden from mortal eyes. It appeals not so much to the intellect as to the heart—the heart, that wondrous instrument of music of God's own making, upon which art itself is but one of the players.

The novelty of last Saturday's concert was Raff's new symphony (No. 9, in E minor), entitled "Summer-time." It was the first time this work had been performed in public, for the parts were fresh from the press, and the score just out of the composer's hand. This symphony is the second of a group of four by which the author purposes to illustrate the seasons in the order of the year. "Spring," produced at the Palace last November, inaugurated the series, and excited a prospective interest in the other numbers, which "Summer-time" has undoubtedly increased. The composer classes the latter, as he did the former, amongst the order of "Programme works," and explains as follows its design:—"The 1st part, a Hot Day—*allegro*; 2nd, a Fairy Hunt—*allegro* (the Meet, Oberon and Titania, the Hunt, return of the fairies with Oberon and Titania); 3rd (a), Eclogue—*largo*, (b) Harvest-time—*allegro*." These few hints are scarcely enough to unravel the significations of the many themes, with their varied and ceaseless workings; but, perhaps, the author has wisely left the hearer, in the full exercise of a free fancy, to select the material counterparts of the indefinite representations placed before him. The evidence, therefore, of different hearers would be distracting in a court of justice, for one may aver a certain musical phrase to be "very like a weasel," with

equal consistency with another ready to swear it was, indeed, nothing less than a whale. The fiddle passages in the first part—"A Hot Day"—naturally describe to some a sweltering heat, to others a keen glittering frost.* Surely it would be unwise to attempt to limit the significations of sounds which, like fairies, turn in wanton sport the uses of all things from their apparent purpose. If the musical composer makes on the mind impressions analogous to those wrought by outward things, then it may be said he has filled his legitimate mission in art. Raff, judged by this rule, has certainly not failed. After listening to "Summer-time," the tone of the mind is found in harmony with the vibrations left by the glories of a July day. Moreover, the impressions have been made by musical subjects that reflected summer sights and echoed summer sounds. The violin passages which open the work make one think of bees humming in the heat-laden air, whilst sleep is falling upon the drowsy senses. Suddenly the bassoon gives out a strange and rugged phrase. What is it? A dream in which the god, Pan, is capering about? and are those "fugato" scamperings of the fiddles with the subject the frolicking of Satyr? Well, they are vanished. The passages for horns, which form the second subject, have sent them off, as a fresh breeze from the north clears dense gatherings of the heavy air. According to the plan, however, of the symphony, it is not yet time for sleep. The second movement, "The Fairy Hunt," is evidently set apart for the wonders of dreamland. What a bustling world it is! Why, the humming-bee that leads one through the gates of sleep is but a traitor, for instead of rest and quiet the whole fantastic region is alive with tripping elves and flying sprites. Thank goodness they cease their clatter and rest their nimble feet whilst Oberon and Titania hold loving converse. Fairies, like courtiers and sycophants, know when to be silent before their betters. Now they are off again—off to the chase. Chasing what?—not shadows, for they are man's own game. At length they fly away, and the last lingering rogue impudently kicks out a pair of tiny heels as he vanishes.

It is a lucky thing for composers that they can represent a fairy, a being of ethereal nature, better and more easily than they can depict, by their art, a three-legged stool. How is it done? The question is easy to answer. In music's workshop, certain materials and certain tools are set apart for that particular purpose, all characteristically labelled, and have only to be taken down and used with a measure of mechanical skill to produce the magical result. Conventional modes and tricks are also heard in the "Eclogue," part 3rd. Still it would be unfair to blame the musician for using the oboe, the pastoral pipe of the orchestra, when reciting a pastoral poem. Listen! what beautiful thoughts he expresses?—thoughts tender, earnest, sweet, and loving. And how prettily they are uttered!—now in chiding accents, now with beseeching force, and now in passionate tones. Raff is perhaps at his best in this charming *largo*. The *finale*, delineating the "Harvest home," opens with a melody of an elevating character. The festive gathering first offers up a hymn of praise to the Giver of all good. The song strengthens and accumulates in volume until all the instruments in the orchestra resound with the burden. Suddenly the theme changes into a more mundane strain. In less time than usually elapses in church from the moment of the Priest's blessing, to the pealing forth of the organ, in far less time, a dance strikes the hymn aside, and away seem to go a hundred heels jumping and thumping. The sacred strain, however, returns again and again, like an earnest soul bent upon reforming giddy folk, but all to no avail, for in the end it is hustled and lost in the noisy crowd of merry-makers. Perhaps the *finale* was held by the audience on Saturday in lower esteem than any of the previous movements. Whether the fault lies in the incongruous nature of the two subjects, or in the defective treatment they received, will be a matter for future inquiry. To the writer the symphony gave unalloyed pleasure, on account of its clearness, frankness, charm, and skill. The absence of "spasm," a disease which more or less affects modern music, allowed the mind to dwell undisturbed upon unpretentious themes. With reverence should it be written that the great Master, in revealing the glory of His Father's abode, took a little child and said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Raff, in depicting the beauties of earth, places comparatively child-like art to represent the innocent delights and passionless grace of "Summer-time." PENCERDD GWFFYN.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The Italian operatic season was inaugurated with *Aida*. The artists, Signori Masini, Cotogni, Gasperini, Signore Salla and Scalchi, were greatly applauded. Among the works performed during the opening week was Glinka's first opera, with an Italian title, and an Italian libretto *La Vita per lo Czar*. The Russian season commenced with a performance of *Les Huguenots*.

* And to others, in considerable numbers, nothing at all.—Dr Bridge.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1880-81.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE 21 EVENING CONCERTS will take place as follows:—

Monday, November 8, 1880; Monday, November 15; Monday, November 22; Monday, November 29; Monday, December 6; Monday, December 13; Monday, January 3, 1881; Monday, January 10; Monday, January 17; Monday, January 24; Monday, January 31; Monday, February 7; Monday, February 14; Monday, February 21; Monday, February 28; Monday, March 7; Monday, March 14; Monday, March 21; Monday, March 28; Monday, April 4; and Monday, April 11.

Subscription Tickets will be issued for the whole Series of 21 Monday Evening Concerts, extending from Monday, Nov. 8, to April 11; price £5 5s. for each Sofa Stall.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Twenty MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given as follows:—

Saturday, November 13, 1880; Saturday, November 20; Saturday, November 27; Saturday, December 4; Saturday, December 11; Saturday, December 18; Saturday, January 8, 1881; Saturday, January 15; Saturday, January 22; Saturday, January 29; Saturday, February 5; Saturday, February 12; Saturday, February 19; Saturday, February 26; Saturday, March 5; Saturday, March 12; Saturday, March 19; Saturday, March 26; Saturday, April 2; Saturday, April 9.

Subscription Tickets are issued for the 20 Morning Concerts, extending from Saturday Afternoon, November 13, to April 9; price £5 for each Sofa Stall.

FIRST EVENING CONCERT,

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1880,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Serenade, in E flat, for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons, first time (Mozart)—MM. Dubrucq, Horton, Lazarus, Egerton, Mann, Standen, Wotton, and Haveron; Air, "Ach, ich, liebe" (Mozart)—Mme Koch-Bossenheimer; Andante with Variations, in E flat, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—Mlle Janotha.

PART II.—Sonata, in D major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Locatelli)—Signor Piatti; Songs, "Es blinkt der Thau" (Rubinstein) and "Das Veilchen" (Mozart)—Mme Koch-Bossenheimer; Trio, in B flat, for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mlle Janotha, MM. Lazarus and Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbin.

FIRST AFTERNOON CONCERT,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in A major, Op. 44, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—MM. Straus, L. Riet, Zerbin, and Piatti; Song (Gounod)—Mme Antoinette Sterling; Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mlle Janotha; Song, "Thou art weary" (Sullivan)—Mme Antoinette Sterling; Sonata, in D major, Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mlle Janotha and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbin.

M^DME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that her ACADEMY for Lady Students in Pianoforte Music was RE-OPENED on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6. Classes now forming. Prospectuses of the SECRETARY, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W.

M^DLLE SARAH BERNHARDT.—This great—nay transcendent—actress, upon whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Rachel Felix, which none but herself can wear with becoming grace and dignity, arrived safely at New York, from Havre, on Tuesday last, near midnight. (Thus escaping a great deal of bother from curious inquirers. Wont she be interviewed!—Dr Blinck.)

MR ARTHUR CHAPPELL resumes his Popular Concerts on Monday week, Nov. 8th. At the first concert of the (twenty-third) season Mozart's Serenade (*ottet*) in E flat, for oboes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons, will be introduced for the first time. Mlle Janotha is to be the pianist. Sig. Piatti will again be at the post he has so admirably filled from the beginning; Mad. Koch-Bossenheimer is the vocalist; and the Serenade is put down for Messrs Dubrucq, Horton, Lazarus, Egerton, Mann, Standen, Wotton, and Haveron.

GEORGES BIZET'S SYMPHONY.—That the orchestral *suite*, entitled "*Roma*," produced last week, under the direction of Mr Weist Hill, at the Promenade Concerts of Mr Samuel Hayes, was really intended by its composer as a symphony, is proved by his own correspondence from Rome, but recently published in the *Musical World*, to say nothing about other trustworthy sources.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880.

JACQUES OFFENBACH.*

When Offenbach came in February last year to Vienna, for the purpose of directing the final rehearsal and first performance of his *Madame Favart*, he resembled a crumbling ruin, which may noiselessly collapse in the night. His friends remarked with dismay the hippocratic expression in the weary face of him who was once so lively, and on taking leave had a presentiment that it was for ever. This last journey of his, ill as he was, to his tenderly beloved Vienna, was one of the numerous proofs of the marvellous strength of will and love of work which triumphed over all bodily ills. Nothing, save such strength of will and love of work, could have effected the miracle of prolonging for another year the life of a man whose constitution was so shattered. Musical talent of a perfectly unusual order and a brilliant speciality have passed away with Offenbach. The popularity of his works cannot possibly be greater than it was during his lifetime, but German critics may, perhaps, be induced by his death to form a more impartial estimate, and judge them from a musical and not merely from a one-sided moral point of view, as they have hitherto done. Much as he wrote, Offenbach was always original; we recognize his music as "Offenbachish" after only two or three bars, and this fact alone raises him high above his many French and German imitators, whose buffo operas would shrivel up miserably were we to confiscate all that is Offenbachish in them. He created a new style in which he reigned absolutely alone, and, though that style certainly held a subordinate rank in the hierarchy of the drama, it afforded millions of human beings for a quarter of a century the almost lost pleasure derivable from a copious stream of fresh, easy-flowing, joyous music. To musical tragedy and the higher musical comedy, Offenbach added a third and well-justified category: the musical farce. That there is now a serious overflow in a style which, before his appearance, had dried up, is something that cannot be laid to his charge. Of his many successors, not a single one comes up to him in combining melodic talent and accomplished technical skill; the most that can be said is that Johann Strauss approaches him nearly in the former, and Lecocq in the latter respect.

At present that death—that undesired but still finally indispensable aid to criticism—has closed Offenbach's career, we are enabled to take a survey of his enormous activity. This may be divided into three periods, corresponding pretty nearly with the last three decades—the 50's, 60's, and 70's. The first period includes his short one-act pieces with songs interspersed, and exhibits his talent in its most amiable and unpretending aspect. In the second, we see him advancing to larger forms, while his fancy grows more luxuriant and his technical skill more certain, his effects at the same time becoming more elaborated; it is the period which with *Orphée*, *La Belle Hélène*, *Geneviève*, *Barbe-Bleue*, &c., enters on the dangerous domain of extravagant travesty and parody, and reaches almost to the end of the sixties. Thenceforth, Offenbach left the field of travesty and again turned rather to comedy properly so called; at the commencement of this third period, he wrote some charming pieces, half farce and half comedy—such as *La Princesse de Trébizonde*, *La Vie Parisienne*, and *Vert-Vert*—but he grew weary in the concluding years, and, though still wonderfully fertile, gave us as a rule only a weak reflex of his former compositions.

What rendered Offenbach's name all at once celebrated and popular was, as we know, the short one-act pieces interspersed with songs with which, during the International Exhibition of 1855, he inaugurated the little theatre in the Champs Elysées. These pieces had, however, been preceded by a number of attempts of which the world knew nothing, and probably lost nothing by

* From the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*.

its ignorance. When a young man, Offenbach had, from 1845 to 1855, been indefatigable in writing operas and buffo operas, with which he had in vain knocked at the doors of Parisian theatrical managers. So he set up a miniature theatre of his own, and, in his one-act pieces interspersed with songs, hit upon the right form for his fresh and graceful talent. With three or four artists, who could just manage to sing, and a tiny orchestra, but without chorus or dancers, and without the slightest outlay in mounting them, Offenbach gave in the quickest succession those one-act buffo operas which, merely by the charm of their joyous, graceful, and, at the same time, characteristic melodies, attracted the public in crowds, and permanently held them spell-bound. Rossini, who better than anyone else knew how to appreciate that rarity, prolific melodic talent, designated Offenbach, jokingly but significantly, as the "Mozart of the Champs Elysées." Vienna knows most of these short one-act pieces: *Le Mariage aux Lanternes*, *Monsieur et Madame Denis*, *Les deux Aveugles*, *La Chanson de Fortunio*, &c., from their having been performed at the Treumann-Theater and the Carl-Theater. The general and joyous welcome accorded to the unpretending little works was well deserved and easily to be explained. The short one-act piece, with songs for four characters and without chorus, may be considered an invention of Offenbach's, or, at least, a modern revival of a style of writing which, cultivated in the last century by Monsigny, Philidor, and Grétry, had fallen into oblivion. This style gradually re-appeared just as the Opéra-Comique approximated more and more to the style and magnificent *mise-en-scène* of the Grand Opera. More and more rarely were one-act pieces given at the former theatre as *levens de rideau* to half-empty benches. By so-called "comic" operas with the grand pretensions of *L'Etoile du Nord* or *Dinorah*, this form of art was so entirely impelled in the direction of the Grand Opera that the old cheerful aspect of the Opéra-Comique was no longer recognizable, and comic pieces interspersed with songs were threatened with extinction. With his buffo operettas (which hold pretty much the same position relatively to comic opera that comic opera holds to grand) Offenbach filled up a very sensible gap, and, after a long drought, once more supplied mankind, eager for laughter and thirsting for melody, with a stream of musical cheerfulness.

With all its originality, Offenbach's style is more nearly related to that of Auber and Adam than to any other. The French is the prevailing but not the sole element in him. Certain youthful impressions not to be obliterated, especially from the operas of Mozart and C. M. Weber (the only composers of whom he spoke with enthusiasm), a ray of German romanticism, and the comic carnivalistic extravagance of his native town, Cologne, were combined in him with the frolicsome grace of his adopted country, France. Finally, there was a third national element without which Offenbach can no more be thoroughly explained than H. Heine: the wit and acuteness of the Jew. Of all Offenbach's works, the group of one-act pieces interspersed with songs, with their irresistible humour and perfect form, please us to-day more than any others. How many potentates of *la haute critique* would fain persuade themselves and others that such trifles are easily written. Yes, so they are for anyone possessing the grace of God. By why is it that this gift is so rare?

It was natural that Offenbach's talent should soon endeavour to extend the narrow limits of his first short productions. He wrote the music of pieces in more acts, and decked out dramatically as well as scenically with greater richness. Such works were *Orphée*, *La Belle Hélène*, *Barbe-Bleue*, *Geneviève de Brabant*, and others. In these works of his second period we find not only his ambition but likewise his art have undeniably grown. In musical wealth and wit the better scores of the second period are undoubtedly superior to his previous ones, but they sacrifice the early simplicity and natural charm that they may do justice to plots of which some are frivolously grotesque and some pompously rampant. Though very far from being the advocate of such librettos as *Orphée* and *La Belle Hélène*, we will mention in Offenbach's favour two mitigating circumstances for the consideration of those who condemn him unconditionally. In the first place, the notion of parodying the stories of Greek heroes and gods in comic musical pieces is not by any means new; it flourished in the last and in the present century on the German stage, especially in Vienna, the home of Blumauer's *Travestirte Aeneide*. Only the text and music were then immeasurably more trivial

and senseless than in Offenbach's operas. In the latter, the librettists with all their extravagance are witty. The idea of the good-natured music master, Orpheus, being compelled by "public opinion" to fetch back from the world below his deceased wife, who during her lifetime worried and deceived him, is decidedly clever. The domestic life of the Gods in *Orphée*, the parody of the oracle-business and the Olympic games in *La Belle Hélène*, are unquestionably very witty notions. The same applies to the fundamental idea of *La Grande Duchesse de Gêrolstein*, which exhibits with much humour the autocracy of petty states, as exemplified in the rapid promotion of the private Fritz to the rank of general, and his equally quick degradation to the ranks again. Secondly, when there is a question of serious criticism, Offenbach's music should be held responsible neither for the excesses of the librettists nor those of the actors. While, to begin with, his works lose much of their wit and sharpness in the German versions, they suffer very much from the way they are usually performed in Germany. Admirable representations of his best pieces were given at the Carl-Theater (when, besides Teweke, Knaack and Motras, Carl Treumann, Grobecker, Müller, Fontelive, and, subsequently, Gallmeyer and Meyerhoff were members of the company). The same is true of the Theater an der Wien, with Mad. Geistinger—who was discovered and induced to adopt this style of piece by Offenbach himself—and the triad, Blasel, Rott, and Swoboda. But the coarse, senseless, and unattractive performances of Offenbach's operas in the smaller court and town theatres of Germany, are something astounding, and critics who derive all their knowledge from such exhibitions generally, of course, judge Offenbach angrily and unjustly.

It is at the end of the 60's, say: after *La Grande Duchesse de Gêrolstein*, that we would fix the termination of Offenbach's second period, which was more especially that of parody and travesty. The commencement of the third period is marked by several charming three and four-act pieces, more nearly resembling comedies, and exhibiting the composer's talent in all its freshness, while they are at the same time more refined and moderate in tone, and with only rare relapses into the grotesque extravagancies of the second period. These pieces were *La Princesse de Trébizonde*, *La Vie Parisienne*, and *Vert-Vert*, (performed at the Carl Theater under the title of *Kakadu*.) Induced to make an attempt in a higher style, Offenbach wrote at this period two more important works for the Opéra-Comique, *Le Roi Barkouf* and *Robinson Crusoe*, both of which proved non-successful. Two similar attempts in Vienna convinced his friends that his light and ready talent, devoid of contrapuntal and polyphonic resources and incapable of pathetic expression did not suffice for serious subjects dramatically developed. We allude to the romantic opera *Die Rhein-Nixen* (the graceful ballet music of which Herbeck saved by introducing it into the third act of Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*) produced in 1864 with but little success at the Kärntner-Theater, and the opera of *Fantasio*, which kept possession of the boards of the Theater an der Wien only a short time. In both cases, Offenbach got hold of a bad libretto, and, what was still worse, one not in keeping with his own individuality. He took all possible pains to be serious and passionate, to stretch himself out beyond his natural length, but the most he could accomplish were a few isolated happy moments. Art is better served, however, by those who acknowledge than by those who deny their own peculiar nature. Offenbach acted wisely, therefore, in again devoting himself entirely to the lighter style of buffo opera. In the last six or eight years, there was an undeniable diminution of his power of invention, and he had recourse to frequent reminiscences and loans (though only, by the way, from his own capital). Everyone, even the weakest, of his subsequent operas was always adorned by one or more pieces in which his former talent shone full and bright; but detached beauties were not enough for lasting success. The operas of his last period known in Vienna are *Les Brigands*, *Les Braconniers*, *Boule de Neige*, *Le Corsaire Noir*, *La Créole*, *La Jolie Parfumeuse*, *La Boulangère à des Ecus*, *Madame l'Archiduc*, and, to conclude, *La Fille du Tambour Major*. The last, according to his own reckoning, is his hundredth opera. Thus, with the two unacted works *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, and *Lurette*, which he was completing on his death-bed, his dramatic efforts amount to 102.

To astounding facility of production Offenbach united the most exemplary industry. He was able (like Mozart and Rossini) to

compose amid all conceivable kinds of interruption at all times, and in any place. I have often beheld him quietly working, with friends and acquaintances chattering close to him, and, whenever he came to Vienna he brought with him a goodly number of sketches, which he had jotted down with a pencil in the carriage. But more astonishing than aught else was his self-command and patience, when, ill and racked with pain, he would go on indefatigably working, and confer every day, on a bed of sickness, with his librettists about the next scenes. His exertions by no means concluded with the completion of a score. He was continually changing and improving during the rehearsals; he never hesitated an instant cutting out a pleasing number if he found that it impeded the action, and he was quite as ready in composing a new one at the last moment. He knew the stage as well as any one living, and never rested till he had given each of his pieces the most effective dramatic form and the greatest possible finish. In this respect, he was one of the most conscientious of artists. His melodies, too, lightly as they flowed to him, he altered often and long, if their rhythm did not strike him as sufficiently catching and original. In inventing various forms of rhythm he was marvellous; in this respect (the weakest point of our present operatic composers) his German colleagues might all take a lesson from him. We saw him remodel ten or twelve times the theme, "Oh, que j'aime le militaire," in *La Grande Duchesse*, till the rhythm pleased him. Melodically inexhaustible, he required only the very simplest accompaniment of two or three chords whereon to write an endless series of the prettiest and at the same time most characteristic songs. This is something exceptionally rare in these days of over-loaded and far-fetched accompaniments. Far weaker than his talent for melody and rhythm was his knowledge of harmony, while his contrapuntal acquirements stood almost at zero. In its eminently comic power his music is well nigh unrivalled; he possessed this rare quality in a far higher degree than Lortzing, Nicolai, or Flotow. His delicate feeling for characteristic instrumentation, which, however, never became intrusive, admirably backed up his talent for the musically comic element. And as the last, but not the least, merit of his operas, the separate musical numbers always grow naturally out of the situation and delight us nearly invariably by their well-balanced and nicely rounded form. Whatever objections may be raised against him, Offenbach was a musician of genial gifts and extraordinary knowledge of the stage. He was, moreover, a good, kindly-intentioned man, particularly susceptible of friendship, who could be as weak, but also as naïf, unsuspecting, and good-natured as a child.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

MILLE SARAH BERNHARDT.

Telegrams from New York describe the reception of Mlle Sarah Bernhardt on Wednesday as most enthusiastic. A steamer with a band of music on board, and carrying a host of newspaper reporters, met the "Amerique" as she entered the harbour, and greeted the arrival of the French *tragedienne* with the alternate strains of "Yankee Doodle" and the "Marseillaise." The Société Française of New York boarded the "Amerique," and presented Mlle Bernhardt with a large bouquet and a testimonial, welcoming her in the name of her compatriots resident in the States, while a number of American friends saluted her arrival with repeated cheers. A crowd of about 5,000 people waited on the quay the arrival of the "Amerique," and Mlle Bernhardt, having been warmly received, drove off to her hotel in a carriage and four belonging to Mr Abbey. The voyage is thus described by Mlle Bernhardt herself, in a telegram to the *Paris Figaro*: "Superb crossing, but ill all the time. The anniversary of my birthday was celebrated on board, and I was presented with an immense bouquet of flowers. The Custom House officers, affected by the general enthusiasm, passed my jewel-bag, but displayed a want of confidence in my trunks. I am very happy, and in excellent spirits."—(*Paris correspondence of the "Daily Telegraph."*)

Mme Mary Cummings should have been included in the list of singers we published last week as being engaged for the ensuing season by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

CONCERT.

Mdmes LIEBHART and EMES, who have been organizing some concerts in Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, gave the third of a series last Saturday evening. The singers were Mdmes Liebhart, Emes, E. Martens, Reyloff, Signora De Monaco, Vergara, and Herr Martens. The pianist was Miss Florence Waud. The large audience were very enthusiastic, insisting on Mme Liebhart singing three times Mr Marzials' very popular song, "Twickenham Ferry," and Mdmes Liebhart and Emes, Herr Bauman's duet, "Das Echo." Mme Liebhart had to repeat Nathan's "Why are you wandering here, I pray," and Signor Vergara a "Neapolitan" song of his own composition, as well as Signor Campana's "Tanto gentile" (accompanied by the composer). Miss Reyloff was "re-called" after Sullivan's "Let me dream again," and Mr Molloy's "Dresden China." The same compliment was paid Miss Florence Waud for her clever performance of Chopin's "Fantaisie Impromptu." The concert gave entire satisfaction, and there is little doubt of the ultimate success of the undertaking.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL BERGSON gave the first of a series of six *Soirées Musicales* at his residence, Alexandra Road, Kilburn, on Tuesday last. The first piece in the programme was Sir Julius Benedict's Symphony in G minor, arranged for two performers on one pianoforte, played by Professor Bergson and his clever pupil Miss Rosa Hast. Both composition and performance pleased the audience so much that they insisted on the scherzo being repeated. Among other pieces played by pupils of Professor Bergson were a graceful composition, "Evening thoughts," by Sir Julius Benedict, (Miss Rosa Hast), a sonata by Mozart, (Miss Wilhelmina Albu), an arrangement for four hands of Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, (Miss Gertrude Mosely and Professor Bergson), and Liszt's transcription of the "Spinnerlied" in Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*, (Miss Hartog). Among the vocal music given was Professor Bergson's sacred song, "At morn I beseech thee," admirably sung by Miss Alice Fairman, as well as the same composer's "Dream wish," (poetry by Mrs M. A. Baines), and his *Rondo Valse*, "Il ritorno," both charmingly rendered by Miss Rosa Hast, who also gave a *Ballade Allemande*, "Der gute Reiche," the composition of her father, the Rev M. Hast. The concert altogether was most agreeable and reflected credit on all concerned.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The first students' chamber concert of the new academic year was given in the Concert-room, Tenterden Street, on Saturday evening, and attracted the usual large audience of friends and sympathisers. Criticism would, of course, be out of place with regard to the work done, and, beyond a mere record of proceedings, we can only mention a few particular cases where encouragement was plainly deserved. The concert opened with Bach's motet, "Blessing, glory, wisdom, and thanks," given under the direction of the new conductor, Mr W. Shakespeare; the quartet, "O praise the Lord of Heaven," being sung by Miss Godwin, Miss Lewis, Mr Dunn, and Mr Cummings, and in this piece the quality of the very efficient chorus which the Academy is now able to command asserted itself conspicuously, and met with warm approval. A very charming song by Miss Ida Walter (student), "O let the solid ground," served to display the promising talent of Miss Marion Mackenzie, who, subsequently, took part, with Mrs Irene Ware and Mr B. Davies, in Costa's "Non è la vaga rosa." The performance of this *terzetto* was, in some respects, the success of the evening. Sung with rare taste and feeling, it obtained well-merited applause. A pianoforte sonata in F, written and played by Miss Annie Tait, was also conspicuous, while the mastery of the harp, shown by Mr Thomas Barker, in a solo entitled "Autumn," warranted not only the recall of the young performer, but also high hopes of his future as a professor of the instrument. A quartet, "The eyes of all," by Miss Elizabeth Foskett (student) deserved notice as an example of smooth and correct part-writing; and mention may also be made of Miss Cantello's pianoforte playing in two pieces by Mr Walter Macfarren; of Miss Mary Bear's spirited singing in Donizetti's "La Zingara," and of the style in which Miss Emily Lloyd gave "O mio Fernando." Other performers attracted deserved attention; and if the talent exhibited could in no special instance be justly recorded as phenomenal, the average was so good as to justify sanguine expectations. Miss Grey, Miss Shapley, and Mr Ford did good service as accompanists.

MR HENRY JARRETT accompanied Mlle Sarah Bernhardt to New York.

MR CARL ROSA's operatic company, after a very successful week at Leeds, have been playing with equal success at Birmingham.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—Mr George Watts' first "Philharmonic Subscription Concert" took place on Saturday morning, October 23rd, at the Pavilion Dome, on which occasion Rossini's now-called oratorio, *Moses in Egypt*—better known in its operatic form—was given, with the assistance of Mme Lemmens Sherrington, Mdle Enequist, Miss Julia Elton, Messrs Edward Lloyd, W. H. Cummings, Wallace Wells, Bridson, and Henschel, as principal singers, Mr George Watts' Philharmonic Choir, Mr Willing, as organist, and Mr F. Kingsbury, conductor. The local band was strengthened by a detachment of London instrumentalists, as principals in their respective departments; consequently, the lovely music and exquisite orchestration of the work was most satisfactorily rendered. The vocal numbers calling for particular complimentary remarks were the duet, "Losing thee, thee my delight" (Mdm Sherrington and Mr Lloyd); the quintets, "Oh, Thou, who grief consolest" and "Wrath feel the gods no more"; the quartet, "My heart sinks within me," better known as "Mi manca la voce" (sung by the principal vocalists); and the splendid duet, "Oh, fate! how tell my sorrow," most admirably rendered by Messrs Lloyd and Bridson. The music in the first and second parts of the oratorio allotted to Moses was sung by Herr Henschel in his usual artistic manner, but that in the third part, for some reason that did not transpire, was interpreted by Mr Bridson. Mme Sherrington (who was in capital voice), and Misses Julia Elton and Enequist sang with their usual good taste, and the choir acquitted themselves creditably. The prayer, "To Heaven, thy glorious dwelling" ("Dal tuo stellato"), was beautifully sung, and produced its usual effect. The performance, as a whole, was a fine one. H. W. G.

WASHFORD.—The Washford Musical Society gave the first of a series of four "National Concerts" at the Railway Hotel Assembly Rooms. The attendance was, as usual, very large, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather. The programme consisted of "Old English Airs" arranged as solos, duets, trios, quartets, and chorus; also as duets for flute and pianoforte, and for orchestra. The programme was prepared with care and discrimination by the conductor, and tended to show that music of a joyous and exhilarating character may be procured without descending to unmeaning comic songs. The object of the society is the advancement of true music, both by the selection of its programmes and the manner in which they are performed. The part-singing is a great treat, not only to the public generally, but to the musician. The light and shade, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, the *rallentandos* and the precision, which are observed in the parts taken up after a pause, all show the entire command the conductor has over his chorus. This has been secured only by constant practice, not only of the music for any particular concert, but of exercises bearing on these important items of part-singing. The result of such a course of study was apparent at the concert under notice. The Society are most fortunate in having such an advanced musician as Mr Dudeney for their conductor. The orchestra was tastefully decorated for the occasion by Mrs Risdon and Miss Corner, who spare no trouble to promote the interests of the Society. The next concert will consist entirely of Irish airs treated in the same manner.—*Local Paper.*

BANBURY.—Miss Florence Fortescue gave a concert at the Town Hall on Monday evening, October 25th, in aid of the funds of the Horton Infirmary. The entertainment was in every way a success. The programme was thoroughly appreciated; the large audience were fully satisfied, and the funds of the Hospital will receive a very acceptable augmentation. The performers were, with two exceptions, (Mr Frederic Penna, and Mr Charles Oberthür), local; comprising, as vocalists, Miss Julia Jones, Mr F. Blackwell, (Christ Church Choir, Oxford), and the Rev E. M. Evans; the instrumentalists were Miss Jessie Davis, (a talented young pianist), and Miss Fortescue, a pupil of Mr C. Oberthür's, who, besides appearing as a harpist, accompanied all the songs. It would occupy too much space to name in detail the well-selected pieces that made up the programme, or to say all that might be said with respect to the various performances. Suffice it that the following were accepted with the greatest favour. Miss Fortescue in Mr Oberthür's nocturne for the harp, "Au bord de la Mer," Miss Jones' singing of "An Evening Wish," (Oberthür), accompanied on the Harp by Miss Fortescue, Miss Davis in Weber's Rondo in E flat, Mr Oberthür in his harp solo, "Bonnie Scotland," and Mr Frederic Penna in his own spirited song, "The Rover." "The Knights of the Cross," a musicianly trio by Mr Oberthür (originally sung in London by Mme Clara Novello, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Weiss) was given, unaccompanied, by Miss Julia Jones, Mr Blackwell, and Mr Frederic Penna, and, as well as the pieces beforehand, was encored. The concert concluded with Mr Oberthür's "Grand National Fantasia" for two harps, admirably played by the Composer and Miss Fortescue.

LEEDS.—Many inquiries have been made respecting the resumption of the Town Hall Organ Recitals, which were started more than a month ago on a new and very successful plan. It seems a pity, after so much trouble had been spent over these popular entertainments, that they should be so persistently interrupted; but we believe it is the intention of the committee in charge to continue them more regularly on Tuesday afternoons and Saturday evenings. In connection with the special Festival recitals, it must be very gratifying to the committee and to our borough organist, to find they were highly appreciated both by critics and distinguished visitors. Among the latter His Grace the Archbishop of York, a most attentive listener, has addressed the following letter to Dr Spark on the subject:—

October 18, 1880, Bishopthorpe, York.

MY DEAR SIR,—I will allow myself the pleasure, in thanking you for your kindness to my son, of thanking you for the admirable and delightful organ recital of Saturday. We were able to stay until your own composition was finished. This, as well as the other pieces, made a strong impression on all our party. The powers of the instrument were well brought out. It is grand, and as sweet as it is powerful. We admired the piece of Mendelssohn very much. With thanks from us all, I am, yours most truly,

W. ENOK.

BRIGHTON.—Mr E. De Paris, who gave his "Pianoforte Recital" in the Banqueting Room, Royal Pavilion, on Wednesday afternoon, October 19th, was unfortunate in having to contend against very unfavourable weather, and the counter attractions provided at the Dome. These naturally affected the attendance to a considerable degree, but, if the audience was small, it was appreciative. At the conclusion of the "recital" Mr De Paris was compelled to return to the platform to acknowledge a warm burst of applause. The second part of the programme opened with "Variations on a Theme from Beethoven," arranged as a duet for two pianos by M. Saint-Saëns, and played for the first time in Brighton. In this, Mr De Paris was assisted by his daughter, Miss C. De Paris, who, it will be remembered, made so successful a *debut* last season. The performance of this elaborate composition was, in every respect, one of the most enjoyable features of the "recital." The vocalists were Miss May Bell and Mr A. Roworth. Herr W. Ganz conducted.—*Abridged from the "Brighton Herald."*

"HOPE." *

You ask me often why I stray
Down by the sea-shore ev'ry day,
And I don't know why I should not tell
The secret that I've kept so well!

When will the sea give up its dead?
When Time, and all the world has fled;
And then, in everlasting day,
No more by sea-shore will I stray,
But, with my own one, hand in hand,
Who was dashed to death on a foreign strand,
I'll wander, wander far away
In the Land of Light, where 'tis always day.

* Copyright.

X. T. R.

MDLE MARY KREBS, who, for nearly a year, has been prevented by a bad finger from playing, is now completely cured and able to resume her professional career. After performing at the first Enterpe Concert in Leipsic, she will, in conjunction with the members of the orchestra at the Theatre Royal, and with the *Liedertafel* which recently carried away the first prize at the International Competition, Cologne, give a concert in Dresden. She will then go with Herr Grutzmacher for three weeks to Denmark and Sweden. At the end of November she is expected in Stuttgart, whence she proceeds to London. In March, she will start for Spain, where she has a splendid engagement.

BAYREUTH.—The last number of the *Bayreuther Blätter* contains the following notice: "We are authorised to inform our members that our Master has determined on fixing the performance of the next Bayreuth Festival Play, *Parsifal*, for the year 1882."

DRESDEN.—The number of persons attending the concert given by Mme Marcella Sembrich and Herr J. Wieniawski, supported by Mannfeldt's Orchestra, was something extraordinary. Mme Sembrich sings ten times in November and December at Warsaw, receiving 10,000 roubles, gold. From December to March she will sing in St Petersburg; in March and April, at Moscow. For this, her honorarium will be 68,000 francs.

POPULAR PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Mr Hayes, who carries on these concerts, not so much for edification as amusement, ventured on a "classical night" last Wednesday week, and was rewarded for his boldness by a very small audience—at least, so might have said an observer noting the poor attendance and jumping to a conclusion. Happily, there is reason for belief that the classical programme and the fewness of its admirers did not stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. The first day of premature winter should fairly be taken into account, and Wednesday's bitter chill was certainly more than sufficient to justify even an ardent lover of music in refusing to quit his fireside. Those, however, who braved discomfort were amply rewarded by a very interesting performance, having several points of distinguished merit. There was, for example, the brilliant pianoforte playing of M^{me} Montigny-Rémaury. We have rarely listened to a more thoroughly characteristic and appropriate execution of Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor than that of the gifted French artist. M^{me} Montigny-Rémaury not only played every note in its proper time and place, but infused into the music precisely the sentiment which inspired it, thus giving it a living-power which all could feel, if all could not trace the feeling to its source. This was distinctly the achievement of an artist, rather than of a mere pianist, and its recognition came in the shape of enthusiastic and prolonged applause.

The performance, under Mr Weist Hill's direction, of Weber's overture to *Oberon* and Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor ("Scotch") called no less for hearty praise. Mr Hill had his numerous orchestra under thorough control, and at no time were there signs of the carelessness on the part of individual players which so often mars the effect of serious music at concerts like these. All did their best, and gave with zeal and ability the excellent "reading" indicated by their conductor. But the chief attraction of the evening was a *suite* or symphony entitled *Roma*, composed by Alexandre César Léopold (otherwise Georges) Bizet, and then heard, we believe, for the first time in England. This work, though published as a "*Suite*," was played as a "*Symphony*," Mr Weist Hill assigning as sufficient authority for the change of the inscription "*Symphonie Première*," to be found on the MS. in the composer's handwriting. The inscription, of course, settles the question as to Bizet's desire; but, from internal evidence, it seems not at all unlikely that the movements were written independently of each other, and afterwards so arranged as to fulfil as nearly as possible the conditions of symphonic form. We are disposed to arrive at this conclusion from the fact that the movements want the strongly marked individuality, each in relation to the rest, which symphony demands, and from the much more obvious, though not more conclusive, circumstance that the place of the usual opening *allegro* is filled by an *andante tranquillo*. This is not all. The work, as a whole, is not even mentioned by M. Arthur Pougin, in his recently published supplement to Fétis's *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, but reference appears to two symphonic pieces written at Rome in the third year of Bizet's tenure of the Grand Prix, and sent to the Paris Conservatoire, in accordance with the conditions under which the prize is held. We shall not be far wrong in assuming that these movements, with other two subsequently written, make up the symphony performed on Wednesday night. In that case, the term "*Suite*," in its modern meaning, as used by Lachner, Brahms, and others, more strictly applies. The point, however, is of the slightest possible consequence. If Bizet wrote "*Symphonie*" upon the cover of his MS., "*Symphonie*" let it be, especially as the work is much better entitled to the name than many others whose right nobody disputes. The specific designation "*Roma*" may have been decided, let us add, partly by the fact that some at least of the movements had their origin in the Eternal City, partly by the circumstance that the final *allegro* illustrates the gaiety of the Carnival. Any general estimate of the symphony must form itself largely upon attractive melody and charming orchestration. In these respects the work is especially rich, and hence it does not contain a dull bar. The first movement sets out with a lovely theme, and the last ends with one as striking in another manner, while from point to point we are carried by a stream of tune, which flows, shall we say, between banks glowing with all the rich and changeful hues that a modern orchestra makes possible to composers of fancy and skill. This description right well applies to the opening *andante tranquillo*, and the *andante molto*, which forms the slow movement proper. In the *allegro vivace (scherzo)* the music is all fun. The orchestra ripples with laughter or bursts into a roar over its own jokes, while from first to last its spirit is contagious. Equally marked by vivacious humour is the "Carnival" movement with which the work ends—too soon for those able to appreciate the beauty in which its composer revels, and the frankness and geniality of his utterance. That Bizet's Symphony will take rank, in its way, not far behind his *Carmen* appears to us scarcely a matter of doubt. Mr Weist Hill may be congratulated upon, all things considered, a really admirable

performance. True, the music is such as fascinates its executants and charms them into doing their best, but, even in such a case, the action of one guiding mind is essential, and Mr Hill supplied it so as to leave no room for criticism.—D. T.

—o—

DEATH OF SIGNOR TIBERINI.

The Milanese journals announce the sad end of the well-known tenor, Signor Tiberini, who has just died in the lunatic asylum of Reggio. Emilia Tiberini, born in 1828, after having completed his studies at the Roman University, followed the musical career, and made his *début* as Idreno (*Semiramide*) at the Argentina Theatre, Rome, in 1852. Not being very successful in Italy, he went to New York, where he remained until 1858, returning to Europe, already famous, and from that time his artistic career was a series of triumphs, while in private life he was beloved as an amiable, cultivated man. When his voice began to fail he quitted the stage, with his wife, also an excellent singer, and lived in retirement until, having lost part of his fortune through an unlucky speculation, he was attacked with a nervous malady, which affected his mind. After attempting suicide by throwing himself out of a window of his villa at Leghorn, he was confined, first at Pistoia, then at Reggio, in a lunatic asylum. Latterly his health improved, and his wife, having paid him a visit, thought of taking him home, when the news reached her that he had been found dead in his room.

[Signor Tiberini will be remembered as, many years ago, a member of the late Mr Gye's company at the Royal Italian Opera. He married M^{lle} Ortolani, whom the late Mr Lumley introduced to the English public about the same period, at Her Majesty's Theatre.—D. B.]

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 28th:—

Overture, <i>Le Médecin malgré lui</i>	C. Gounod.
Adagio, in E flat, from the Quartet, Op. 18	Beethoven.
Introduction and Fugue, in D (originally composed for the orchestra)	Mozart.
Fantasia Pastorale	W. T. Best.
Trio, "Il tintinnar" (the Bell Trio from <i>Dinorah</i>)	Meyerbeer.
March (No. 2 of Six Organ Pieces)	E. Silas.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 30th:—

Overture to the operetta, <i>Romance</i>	Henry Leslie.
Canzonetta, "La Partenza"	Rossini.
Concerto, in F major	Handel.
Allegretto, from the Sixth Organ Symphony	C. M. Widor.
Pastorale, in G major, No. 2	Th. Salomé.
Concertstück, in E flat minor	Louis Thiele.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The inauguration of the new Opera-house took place on the 20th inst., with great solemnity and magnificence. The Emperor Wilhelm, the Crown Prince, and all the dignitaries of the town were present. The programme included a *Festspiel*, or piece written for the occasion, and Mozart's *Don Juan*.

VIENNA.—It is in contemplation to organize a series of performances at reduced prices of classical German works so as to attract the public once more to the Imperial Operahouse, which has of late not been so well attended as of yore.—Franz von Suppé thinks of retiring from active professional life. Writing lately to a friend, he said: "The 5th of March, 1881, is fast approaching and with it the day on which I shall take my leave of the world. Secluded in my cosy *Sophienheim*" ("Sophia-Home," the name given by him from affection for his wife to a beautiful villa he has purchased at Gars), "I shall think of my friends and mark with sorrow how I myself am forgotten." The 5th of March, 1881, is a memorable day for Suppé, being the 40th anniversary of his career as a composer. On the 5th March, 1841, there was produced at the Theatre in the Josephstadt a farce called *Die Folgen der Erziehung*, for which he composed the music. This was his first work. Between then and the 21st February, 1880, the date of his last work, *Juanita*, he has written for the above theatre, for the Theater an der Wien, the Arena in Fünfhäus, the Carl-Theater, the Theatre on the Franz Joseph Quay, the Theatres in Oedenburg and Presburg, the Baden Arena, and the Munich Theater auf dem Gärtnerplatz, 195 works of more or less importance, including two operas, *Paraphrase* and *Unser Handwerker*, for the Imperial Operahouse.

DÉBUT OF MISS GERTRUDE CORBETT.

A young American vocalist, Miss Gertrude Corbett, who has been for some time past studying in Milan for the operatic stage, made her preliminary *début* in London at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts on Tuesday evening. As the gifted soprano was in reality merely experimentalising, with the object of trying her voice before an English public in an English operahouse, she chose trifling songs, and therefore her delivery of music of a higher class, which is understood to be her aim, can merely be guessed at. Her voice is sweet and powerful, her intonation perfect. She is evidently complete mistress of her forces, and impressed her audience that when she makes her *bond fide* appearance upon the Italian stage, great things may be expected of her. It would, perhaps, have been better had the young lady appeared under another name than her own, since it is with the stage, rather than the concert-room, that she intends to be identified; but when real gifts are in question, it matters but little in the long run where, how, and when they were first displayed.

A. I. M.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.*

<p>I. Sweet star of eve, whose trembling light Gleams through the closing eye of day, When clouds of dying purple bright Melt in the shades of eve away; And mock thee with a fitful ray, Pure spirit of the twilight hour! Till forth thou shinest to display The splendour of thy native power.</p>	<p>II. When the first eve the world had known Fell blissfully o'er Eden's bowers, And earth's first love lay couch'd upon The dew of Eden's fairest flowers; Then thy first smile in Heaven was seen, To hail the birth of love divine; And ever since that smile has been The sainted passion's hallow'd shrine.</p>
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III.
Now bound upon the western wave,
Thou tremblest coyly, star of love,
And dippest beneath its gloomy heave
Thy silver foot, the bath to prove;
And though no power thy path may stay,
Which changeless laws of worlds compel,
To thee a thousand hearts shall say,
Sweet star of love, farewell, farewell.

* Copyright.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

LEEDS TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—A few general remarks about the Third Triennial Musical Festival held in Leeds will answer all purposes. Into particulars our daily contemporaries have entered so largely as to absolve us from any task of the kind. That the success of the meeting has not only equalled but surpassed expectation is shown in the published official *résumé*, signed "F. R. Spark, Hon. Sec.," which gives the numbers of tickets sold in 1874, at 10,056; in 1877, at 11,754; and in 1880, at 13,057. The Duke of Edinburgh, it is true, attended two of the performances, and thus heard the novelties of most importance, and Mme Albani, an immense favourite at Leeds, sang three days out of the four, while the other leading vocalists (named last week) were chosen from among the best of the best. But this was by no means all. The new English compositions pleased without exception. Mr J. Francis Barnett's *Building of the Ship*—a ship as skillfully constructed as that dreamt of by the poet Longfellow, whose simple flowing verse supplied the text—was received, as it deserved to be, with the utmost cordiality. The performance, directed by the composer himself, was all that could be wished. Mr Barnett was lucky, too, in such a quartet of leading exponents as Miss Anna Williams, Mme Trebelli, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Herr Henschel. The English overtures—Mr W. C. Macfarren's *Hero and Leander*, and Mr Wingham's *Mors Janua Vitæ* (conducted by their respective authors)—each enjoyed the advantage of a fine performance, and each obtained a hearty verdict of approval from the audience. One of the great days of the Festival was the second, when the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven was given in a manner (the choral part especially) which has rarely been equalled, still more rarely surpassed. Here, as in *Elijah*, the Leeds singers put forth all their strength, and the result was something not easy to forget. The eight-part choral Psalm (114th) of Mendelssohn was another remarkable feature in the programme, which ended with Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen*. Of this charming composition the Leeds

people have reason to be proud, remembering, as so many of them do, that it was written for their first Festival, and the opening of their Town Hall, two-and-twenty years ago. Some amateurs were of opinion—perhaps not without a show of reason—that the cantata should have been placed before, instead of after, the symphony. Nevertheless, it is agreeable to state that our great English musician's work lost nothing by its almost immediate juxtaposition with the colossal masterpiece of the "giant of the orchestra." On the contrary, it produced a soothing effect, and was heard with unabated delight throughout. The performance—thanks, in a great measure, to the care bestowed upon it by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who at one period studied under Bennett at our Royal Academy of Music—was beyond criticism, and unstinted praise is due to the three leading singers, Mrs Osgood (our accomplished American resident), Mr Lloyd, and Mr King, as well as to the orchestra and chorus. That the event of the greatest immediate interest was the production of *The Martyr of Antioch*, written expressly for this Festival by Mr Sullivan, its chosen conductor, may be readily imagined. That Mr Sullivan has not disappointed expectation in this the latest production of his pen is the general and, we think, well-founded conviction. Leeds is more than satisfied with so sterling an addition to the repertory of its Triennial Festival. Many doubtless would have preferred an oratorio, if only in emulation of Birmingham, which first introduced *The Light of the World*; but as this, in the circumstances, was out of the question, they have good cause to rejoice in so worthy a substitute as *The Martyr of Antioch*, which contains some of the best and most deeply felt music Mr Sullivan has written—and that is saying no little. Here, for the present, regarding the "sacred drama" itself, we must desist, reserving a detailed appreciation of its claims for the occasion of its re-production (already announced) at the Crystal Palace. Mr Sullivan had every reason to be content with the execution of his new work. Every member of the chorus, every member of the orchestra, and each one of the principal solo-vocalists threw heart and soul into the task set before them, and a more unequivocal success could not have been obtained—a success the more to be rejoiced in because it was not only achieved by an English musician, but because it was thoroughly well merited. Mme Albani did for Mr Sullivan what she had done three years previously for Mr Macfarren's oratorio, *Joseph*. She sang the music assigned to Margarita (the "martyr") in absolute perfection, voice, delivery, and expression being alike irreproachable, the concluding scene of the martyrdom being a fitting climax to the whole. Mme Patey, our admirable contralto, also at her very best, was compelled to repeat her first air, to interpret which more eloquently would have been scarcely possible. Mr Lloyd, too, who has never sung better than at this Festival, made a sensible impression in the music of the faint-hearted Pagan lover, Olybius, and was also encoined in his first air, "Come, Margarita, come." Mr King, though furnished with less opportunity of distinction than his comrades, did the most that could be done with what was committed to his charge; and thus the quartet of leading singers fulfilled all requirements. At the termination Mr Sullivan was applauded with real enthusiasm, and called back to the platform to receive another demonstrative proof of the unanimous satisfaction his new work had created. It was a proud day for him and a proud day for musical Leeds. Among other interesting features in the week's programme were Beethoven's First Mass, Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Mozart's superb G minor Symphony, Handel's oratorio, *Samson*, Bach's cantata, "O Light everlasting," the *finale* to Mendelssohn's unfinished *Loreley* (with Miss A. Williams as the fate-struck heroine), Raff's Symphony ("tone-poem," so styled) *Lenore*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and the first and second parts of the *Creation*—Mrs Osgood, Mme Patey, Mr Maas, and Herr Henschel in the first, Mme Albani, Mr Lloyd, and Mr King in the second, winning golden opinions. Too much praise can hardly be awarded to Mr Broughton, the local chorus-master, who, by his diligent training of the singers, brought the chorus to Mr Sullivan, the conductor, already well-nigh perfect in the work they had to do.—*Graphic*, Oct. 23.

BRUSSELS.—A new ballet, or rather divertissement, *La Nuit de Noël*, has been successfully produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The libretto, which is very slight, is by M. Poigny. The music, from the pen of M. Stoumon, one of the managers, was much applauded. The same is true of the scenery, dresses, dances, and mounting of the piece generally.

LEITOMYSCHEL (EASTERN BOHEMIA).—An inscription with a medallion of the still living composer, F. Smetana, were lately affixed to the house in which he was born 56 years ago. Great public rejoicings accompanied the inauguration of this tribute of respect, and the object of it was presented with the honorary freedom of the town.

WAIFS.

Mlle Sarah Bernhardt arrived at New York at midnight on Tuesday.

Sylvain Saint Etienne, well known in literary and musical circles, met with a painful death on Monday night. About seven o'clock he was walking along the Rue Lafayette with a friend, and, being rather short-sighted, caught his foot in a wooden rail placed round a deep excavation, in which the drains were being repaired, and was precipitated into the hole to a depth of about ten yards. Help was obtained immediately, but the unfortunate gentleman, whose head, from the nature of the fall, was seriously fractured, expired before he could be carried into a neighbouring chemist's shop. The deceased was sixty-five years of age.

Signora Donadio is now in Milan.

Mr F. B. Jewson has returned from the Isle of Thanet.

Mr William Dorrell has returned to town from Sussex.

Sig Gaetano Braga, the violoncellist, has been playing at Teramo.

Signora Borghi-Mamo is much applauded at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

Signora Turolla is engaged to sing in *Faust* at the Politeama, Trieste.

Ch. Lecocq's *Kosiki* is the present attraction at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

Mlle Bianchi has been appointed Imperial Austrian Chamber Singer.

Aida is to be given during the Carneval at the Teatro Regio, Parma.

F. von Holstein's *Haidenschacht* has been revived at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Mario Tiberini, the tenor, is dead. He lost his reason two or three years ago.

R. Genée's buffo opera, *Nisida*, is very successful at the Carl Theatre, Vienna.

Einmalhundertfünfundzwanzigtausend; that is how they spell 125,000 in German.

Mad Pauline Lucca has re-appeared in *Carmen* at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Léo Delibes' *Jean de Nivelle* will be performed this winter at the Grand-Théâtre, Lyons.

Mr Max Maretzek is appointed director of the School of Composition, Cincinnati, (U.S.).

The negotiations for Mad. Wilt's return to the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, have been broken off.

Maurice Grau's French Opera Company have been giving Sunday Night Concerts in New York.

The publication of *Il Monitore dei Teatri* will be resumed in Milan at the commencement of next year.

Th. Hentschel's new opera, *Lancelot*, has been successfully produced at the Stadttheater, Leipzig.

Sig Dell'Orefice, the composer, and one of the directors of the San Carlo, Naples, was recently in Milan.

Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Feromors*, is to be performed in February at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Mannheim.

Anton Rubinstein's oratorio, *Das verlorene Paradies*, will shortly be performed in Riga. The chorus numbers 300 voices.

A committee has been formed for the erection of a monument to Hector Berlioz in his native place, La Côte Saint-André.

Johann Strauss is composing a "Grand Waltz for chorus and orchestra" for the marriage of the Crown Prince, Rudolph.

Die Schöne Melusine, a new opera by the Intendant-General, Herr von Perfall, is to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Signora Bianca Lablanche has returned from America to Naples, for the purpose of fulfilling her engagement at the Teatro Bellini.

Mr John Cross has taken the Holborn Town Hall for a series of Popular Concerts on Monday evenings, commencing December 6.

It is said that Mr Carl Rosa and Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will be partners in an English opera enterprise next season in America.

Since 1868, the Baroness Vigier (née Sophie Cruvelli) has given for the poor of Nice 12 concerts, which have brought in about 200,000 francs.

Herr Carl Müller-Berghaus has resigned the conductorship of M. de Dervies's orchestra at Nice, and, with his Wife, opened a School for Singing in Stuttgart.

Mlle Alice Guglielmi (Miss Alice Williams) one of Professor Goldberg's pupils, who last season made a successful *début* at Milan, is engaged to sing during the winter season in the operas *Saffo* and *Beatrice di Tenda* at Crema and Asola.

The season of the New York Oratorio Society, under the direction of Dr Damrosch, will commence on November 27th with a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Mr Theodore Thomas was recently in Cincinnati to conduct the early rehearsals of the Musical Festival Association for the Festival to be given in that city next May.

At the express desire of the King, *Die Grabesbraut*, an opera by the father of the late Duke Eugene of Württemberg, will be performed at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart.

Mr Samuel Hayes, the persevering director of the "Popular Promenade Concerts," at Covent Garden Theatre, announces his benefit for next Saturday, November 6th.

The injuries received by Mr Charles Harcourt, the actor (who performed a leading part in *The World*, at Drury Lane Theatre), owing to his falling through a trap while engaged in rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre last week, have terminated fatally. He was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, where he died on Wednesday night. Mr Harcourt had been before the London public as a successful actor for seventeen years.

Signor G. Tartaglione, one of the professors at the London Academy of Music, produced an operetta at the "Dilettante Circle" on Tuesday last. The libretto and music (both from the pen of Signor Tartaglione) form a very pleasing little piece. Although at times the music is a trifle too heavy, altogether it deserved the applause bestowed upon it. The operetta is in one act and is entitled *A Critical Day*. Miss F. Stephenson, with Messrs D'Arcy Ferris and Grantley, acted and sang their parts effectively. M. Marlois presided at the harmonium, and Signor Randegger conducted. F. A. J.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mme Alice Barth's opera company have been playing, successfully, some light French operettas in the Opera Theatre. On Monday, Victor Massé's *Noce de Jeannette* was given (the excellent English version by Mr William Grist), under the title of *Haute from the Wedding*. There are only two characters in this little piece, (effectively represented by Mme Alice Barth and Mr Richard Temple), which was quite a success. The Garden scene from *Faust* followed, Mme Barth singing and acting the part of the heroine remarkably well. Mr H. Walsham was Faust, Mr Furneaux Cook, Mephistopheles, Miss Kate Leopold, Siebel, and Miss Ella Collins, Martha. Offenbach's operetta, *Lisichen and Fritschen*, was to be given yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY's forty-ninth season begins December 3rd, at St James's Hall under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. The band and chorus, nevertheless, numerically smaller, include the best talent, and by many amateurs the diminution of power will be welcomed. Among the works to be performed at the nine concerts comprised in the series are Beethoven's Mass in C, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, *Christus*, *Athalia*, *Hymn of Praise*, and *Elijah*, Cherubini's *Requiem*, Benedict's *St Cecilia*, Costa's *Naaman*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and *Moses in Egypt*, and—*and*—Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*. Nothing is said about the *Woman of Samaria*, the *Resurrection*, or *Joseph* (not Handel's). —Dr Blügel.

HAMBURG.—Señor Sarasa's concert on the 16th inst. was a great success. In addition to Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto and various less important pieces with pianoforte accompaniment, the celebrated artist played a new Concerto (the third) composed, and dedicated to him, by M. C. Saint-Saëns. The first movement and the *intermezzo* were especially well received. The last movement did not please so much, its chief object being evidently to afford the executant an opportunity of exhibiting his virtuosity rather than to complete the harmonious relation of the different movements to each other.

MUNICH.—R. Wagner is expected very shortly, and is said to contemplate making a longish stay. Performances of some of his works—among others of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*—will be given in his honour at the Theatre Royal, as, also, at his express wish, of Shakspeare's *Richard II.* and *Merchant of Venice*. *Parisfal* is to be produced at Bayreuth in the summer of 1882. There are to be six performances, in which the leading singers, the chorus, and the orchestra of the Theatre Royal here will take part. Munich will be the first place in which *Parisfal* will be represented after its production at Bayreuth.

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